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# Ghostdancing

JAMIE DELANO  
RICHARD CASE





**SHE HATES  
TO BE OUTSTAY**



THE WORLD IS TOO  
BRIGHT AND FEELS  
AS IF THE LIGHT  
SHINES THROUGH  
HER. IT PENETRATES  
HER FLESH, GROWS  
MORE BOLD.



BUT SHE HAD TO WORK IF SHE WANTS HER MEDICINE. AND SHE WANTS IT, BADLY.



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MEDICINE KEEPS HER MIND  
QUIET AND EMPTY, STOPS THE  
JOINTS OF HER LIMBS TRAVELING,  
DIVERS THE GALLOPING  
STUPIDITY OF BREASTING OUT  
OF SIGHT BEYOND A WHITE  
HORIZON.

CORY BRINGS HER MEDICINE. SHE'S  
THANKFUL FOR THAT, AT LEAST.



HEY, SOMEBODY, WHAT'RA  
THINKING ABOUT?

HUH...?



THE T-BIRD? ITMAKES YOU OF  
FUR, DON'T IT? MAKES YOU FEEL  
KIND OF ASSHAMED, I KNOW.



YOU THINKING ABOUT BEING YOUNG AND FEELING BOLD  
AGAIN... WHISTLING DOWN THAT STRAIGHT D ROBERT  
BLACKING WITH THAT GOOD MAN AT THE WHEEL?



YOU FEELING THAT MOTOR SCREAMING  
THROUGH YOUR BELLY - THAT FEAT-LATHER  
CREATING ON YOUR THIGH?







WINTER SOAKED THE  
WORLD WITH MOUNDS OF  
ICE.



SHD IS LOST IN A NOTHING  
PLACE, HUNTED TO A  
MALLOWING WHITE OLIVION.



PARADISE'S BLAZE  
IN THE BELLOWING  
GALE.

EXHAUSTED, SHE  
OFFERS NO RESISTANCE.



SHE OFFERS HERSELF.



AND HE  
TAKES HER.



BROTHER CHRISTOPHER  
FEELS SICK.



WRIGHTLESS AND BLIND IN THE  
LUMINESCENT LIQUIDITY OF THE  
ARTIFICIAL AEROSOL, HE IS A  
DREAMSCAPED MIND WHIRLING  
THROUGH A UNIVERSE OF DREAM.



WHAT CHEMICAL FUEL  
FUELS HIM THIS TIME?



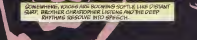
THEY WON'T TELL HIM, EVEN IF  
HE ASKS. THEY SAY HE'S IMPORTANT.  
"A HIDDEN FORMER OF AMBIGUITY."  
BUT NOW STARTING TO  
FEEL MORE LIKE A LABORATORY  
RAT.



THEY'LL WRITE DOWN HIS FEELINGS  
PLOT LINES ON CHARTS AND VIEWERS  
THEY'LL FEEL AND KNOW HIS  
PLEASURES AND PAINS AND  
PHYSICAL RESPONSE THEY CAN  
FEEL FROM HIS PULSE AND BLOOD PRESSURE  
TO STRENGTH OF BREATH AND  
FIRMNESS OF POSTURE ...



AND IF HE HAD THE TEMERITY TO  
COMPLAIN, THEY'LL REGARD HIM  
AS A FOOL. REMINDING HIM THAT AN  
OUTCAST IS FORTUNATE TO HAVE  
PROTECTION AND A USEFUL ROLE  
IN SOCIETY.



SOMEWHERE, VOICES ARE SOARING SOFTLY LIKE DISTANT  
GAY, BROTHER CHRISTOPHER LISTENS AND THE DEEP  
RHYTHMS RESOLVE INTO SPEECH.



"YOU CAN SEE A PATTERN DEVELOPING. TWO SIGNIFICANT TRENDS ALONG CAN ANDREWS WITH SUBSIDING DISCHARGES IN OTHER FAULT ZONES."

"AND THE BOY IS INFLUENCED BY THESE?"



"HE SEEMS TO BE, DIRECTOR. HIS E ECG TRACES SHOW ENORMOUS CONCORDANCE WITH SEISMOGRAPH READINGS."



"WE HAVE BEEN ADMINISTERING MOLECULARLY ENGINEERED PSYCHIC ENHANCERS—TRYING TO EXPAND THE ENVELOPE OF PERCEPTION INTO HIS SUBCONSCIOUS REALITY."



"HE REPORTS DREAMS WHICH, ALTHOUGH HE DOESNOT EXAGGERATE THEM AS SUCH, ARE SYMBOLIC OF THE A BODILY, TRASCENDAL REALITY."



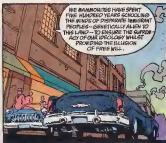
"HE IS INCREDIBLY COGNITIVE, SPEAKING WITHOUT REPRESENTATION. HE COMPLAINS OF RHYTHMICALLY PULSATING HEADPAINS, DESCRIBING THEM..."

"YES, 'AS IF MY BRAP WAS A COUSIN WITH GREAT BEASTS CHARGING RABBIT ON IT'."



"AND YOU INTERPRET THESE RESULTS AS HOW, DOCTOR?"

"I HAVE NO EMPHATIC PROOF BUT I SUSPECT AN INFLUENCE OF SUBTLE ENERGY WE SHOULD LOCATE THE CATALYST THAT PROVOKES IT AND NEUTRALIZE IT AS A MATTER OF URGENCY."









THE SUN IS TOO HOT,  
IT'S TIME TO FIND SOME SHADE  
AND REST UP TILL EVENING.

HELLO, BROTHER LIZARD. HAVE YOU  
SEEN WHITE-BUFFALO-WOMAN ANYPLACE?



BROTHER LIZARD, HEY—  
DON'T YOU HAVE ME  
TA LINGUO TO YOU?



WELL, SINCE YOU'RE  
TOO HOT-BURNED  
TO ANSWER ME, I  
GUESS I MAY AS  
WELL SAY "YOU"  
WHAT DO YOU SAY  
TO THAT?



ISN'T THIS CRAZY  
FOURTH WORLD, WHEN  
THE ANIMALS ARE  
EMBODIMENT OF THE  
PROPER WAYS OF  
BEHAVIOR?

NO WONDER THE  
HUMANS ARE LOST;  
THEY HAVE NO EXAMPLE  
TO FOLLOW.



WHAT DO YOU SAY,  
CACTUS-COLD-BONE?  
YOU'VE BEEN AROUND  
LONG ENOUGH TO  
REMEMBER THE OLD  
TIME.



**SPWUT!** **KRAKK!**









CAMP KEYS WHISKEY  
MEAN, ONE KEYS THAT AINT  
GOOD ENOUGH, BIL. THAT'S  
A SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT  
DECREASE IN TWO KEYS

THE HELL  
IS GOING ON,  
MARK?



CAN'T TELL IF IT  
THEY WON'T BUY  
IT, COO? GEEING  
CONSUMERS GETTING  
INTO THE NEW ONE,  
COO? DON'T DO  
IT NO MORE  
ANMORE



WHAT NEW  
SHIT?



CALLIN' IT  
CONSPIRACY  
IT'S ALL OVER  
THE VALLEY FOR  
A BIT-LEZ.  
AROUND IT GDS  
ARE SAYIN' YOU  
ONLY GOTTA  
TAKE IT ONE  
TIME AND YOUR  
WORLD BEING  
UPSIDE  
DOWN



DON'T DO NOTHING FOR  
BIL, THOUGH - LEFT MARK  
AN SACK AN FRANKS FOR  
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS  
GROSS HAVE BY TWO  
GROSS - A DAY FORTY  
HABIT KINCA FOCUS  
IT GUE, I KNOW?



THIS BROS, I BEEN HANDIN'  
WITH-- KIDNEY-- SHE TOOK  
JUST ONE CAP AN THAT  
WAS ALL SHE WENT

TOLD ME SHE COULD HEAR  
THE HEARTBEAT OF THE WORLD,  
AND STARTED DANCIN' ALL AROUND  
THE PLACE, LIKE SOME CRAZY  
INDIAN



I SLAPPED HER AROUND  
A BIT BUT IT DIDN'T DOING GOOD  
SHE TOOK OFF FOR THE HILLS WITH  
A BUNCH OF OTHER CANCELED  
CMT FRINGS

LEFT  
EVERYTHING--  
CASHES, COINTEGR,  
CREDIT CARDS



BUNCH OF OLD HIPPIE BLONKETS STARTED TURNING UP AT GARY'S AND HAD A COUPLE JAZZ BASHES. SEEING THEY WERE HANDING IT OUT FOR FREE, LIKE CANDY





WELL, INTO IS  
SUG BACKS THESE DAYS,  
MAN. FUTURES JUST A  
PAT ZERO FOR MOST KIDS,  
SO THEY'RE HIGH-TALKING  
IT FOR THE FIRST.

HAVE LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE,  
CODY. ALL THOSE LITTLE LOSERSHIP  
TURNING ON AND DROPPING OUT  
AGAIN IN SCOTIA BE GOOD FOR THE  
CULT-BLASTING AIRM OF THE  
BUSINESS, RIGHT?

HOW MUCH YOU  
CHARGING FOR  
RECOVERY AND  
DEPROGRAMMING  
NOW? TEN THOUSAND  
BRING A HEAD?

I WERE YOU, I'D BE THINKING  
ABOUT HAVING SOME EXTRA  
HANDS.



YEAH, WELL, YOU AIN'T  
BE. YOU'RE JUST A COWARD,  
NO-ACCOUNT CORE SALES-  
MAN.

NOW BEAT IT. PUT THE  
WORD AROUND: FIND OUT ABOUT  
THIS CHOROTOMOUS, FIFTH WOULD  
SHIT AND GET BACK HOME--COWARD.



SURE, CODY. I'LL TRY, MAN.  
I'M GETTING KINDA FREAKY  
OUT THERE, THOUGH. THESE  
LITTLE GUARDS ARE BEEN  
HAVING PUT A WEIRD EPISODE ON  
EVEN DONE--MURDERER  
GOING OFF THE SCALE.



I'M  
THINKING ABOUT  
TAKING A TRIP  
BACK EAST FOR  
A WHILE,  
Y'KNOW?



GODDY IS COLD THE  
A/C MUST BE TURNED  
UP TOO HIGH.

GODDY WIPES HIS  
SWEATING E

HE HADN'T FELT RIGHT FOR WEEKS.  
DEARER, BUFFALO-DREAMS---IT'S LIKE  
SOME WEIRD SHITTINGING BRAVING

NOW THIS GROSS EDWARDS STUFF AND TALK OF  
THAT BASTARD SINUS AND SOME CRAZY, NEW  
PITTHORLO CULT. HE'D BETTER CALL IN--MORT  
EDGAR NEEDS TO KNOW ABOUT ALL THIS

HIS HAND TREMBLES  
AS HE REACHES FOR  
THE PHONE

IT RINGS BEFORE HE  
CAN PICK IT UP.

BREEEEEP

GODDY...

YEAH, I HEARD  
SOME STUFF

OKAY I'LL  
BRING HER. WE'LL  
GETHER TONIGHT  
10PM

EXPECTANT, BROTHER CHRISTOPHER  
WATCHES AS THE AFTERNOON STORMS  
BEGIN TO UNLEASH ACROSS THE DESERT  
FROM THE MOUNTAIN

IN THE PAST HE'D FELT  
THREATENED BY THESE DARK  
POWER, SEEING THEM AS  
SYMBOLS OF THE CHAOTIC  
EYE, THE PRIMAL VIOLENCE  
OF THE WORLD BEYOND  
FORT ROSAR

NOW HE FEELS  
DIFFERENTLY. THE  
STORMS END TO HIM,  
STIRRING SOME  
LONGED-FOR SPIRIT OF  
ADVENTURE DEEP  
INSIDE.

HE WANTS TO RISE  
AMONGST THEM, RIDE  
THEIR SPINNING WINGS  
AS THEY ROLL ACROSS  
THE LAND, LOOK DOWN  
AND CRESSANT THE  
WORLD WITH HIS OWN  
BURNING EYE

BROTHER CHRISTOPHER  
IS ANGRY. HIS TRUST HAS  
BEEN BETRAYED. IF THE  
ELECTRIC LIGHT TO HIM  
ABOUT HIS BROTHER, CAN  
HE BELIEVE ANYTHING  
THEY SAY?



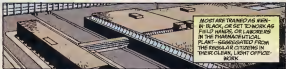
HIS WHOLE LIFE HAS BEEN  
GRATEFULLY SPENT AS AN  
ORPHAN IN THIS SANCTUARY...  
A WARD OF A CARING STATE.



HE WAS ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES, RESCUED  
BY RAMMONTITE AGENTS FROM THE CLUTCHES  
OF THE SAVAGE OUTCASTS WHO HAD KILLED  
HIS PARENTS...OR SO THEY'D TOLD HIM.



LUCKY, EVEN AMONGST THE  
OTHER ORPHANS, FROM  
WHOM HIS PARTICULAR  
ABILITIES SET HIM APART.



MOST ARE TRAINED AS  
WHITEN-BLACK, OR SET TO WORK AS  
FIELD HANDS, OR LABORERS  
IN THE PHARMACEUTICAL  
PLANT—SEGREGATED FROM  
THE REGULAR CITIZENS IN  
THEIR CLEAN, LIGHT OFFICE-  
WORK.

BROTHER CHRISTOPHER HAD BEEN  
SELECTED FOR SPECIAL DUTIES... AND  
HAD BEEN PROUD TO BE OF SERVICE TO  
THE COMMUNITY THAT HAD TAKEN HIM IN.  
PROUD TO REPLY HIS DEBT.



PROUD TO BE A RAMMONTITE  
FROM BIRTH, SAFEGUARDING  
THE FUTURE PROSPERITY OF  
HIS CULTURE FROM THE DREAMS  
OF ANARCHY.

BUT THEY'D LIEB ABOUT HIS MOTHER, KNOWN SHE WAS ALIVE FOR ALL THOSE YEARS, ACTIVELY KEPT HER FROM HIM.

THEY'D BUILT HIS WHOLE LIFE ON FOUNDATIONS OF LIES, LOCKED HIM IN A DARK CUNION OF IGNORANCE.

REMEMBER CHRISTOPHER HELD THE CONSTANT ORAMMENT IN HIS HEAD WITH THE GRATING RUMBLE OF THE ADVANCING STONE.



HE STRAYS TO SHAKE, FEELING THE HARBONY OF FALSE SECURITY CRUMBLE AND FALL FROM HIM, LEAVING HIM RAW AND EXPOSED.

THE PERMANENT RHYTHM GRIPS HIS HEARTBEAT NOW, HE WATCHES AS THE CITY GATES ARE GRINDING OPEN TO ADMIT VISITORS BEYOND THEM. THE STORM CALLS TO HIM.





A GATE IS A TWO-WAY THING.  
IT CAN LET YOU IN--

--OR OUT.

HE PRISE THE KEYSTONE NO HAND-- BUT THE AUTOMOBILE  
SHIMMS REDELY IN THE STREETLIGHT, DRAWING HIM TOWARDS  
IT, AS A FLOWER, DRAWNS A BEE.



INTENT ONLY ON SHELTER,  
THE GATE CHANGING DON'T  
EVEN LOOK AT HIM. NOBODY  
EVER TRIES TO LEAVE NOW  
EVEN-- WHEN YOU LIVE IN  
HEAVEN, WHY WOULD YOU  
WANT TO VISIT HELL?



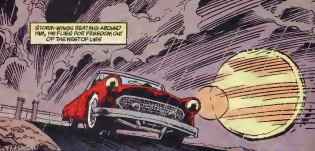
BROTHER CHRISTOPHER STORM THINKING  
HE TURNING THE KEY, RELEASING THE  
NOTICE STAFFAGE GROOM--



--AND STAMPS  
HIS FOOT.



STORM-WINDS BEAT HIS AROUND HIM, HE FLIES FOR PROTECTION OUT OF THE WEST OF LIES



SOMEWHERE AHEAD  
IS HIS PAST



SOMEWHERE AHEAD  
IS THE TRUTH.



SOMEWHERE AHEAD  
IS HIS MOTHER

—AND HIS  
FATHER,  
TOO.







YEAH, SHE TWISTED UP THE  
JERKS WHO WERE HURRYING  
BLACK AND WHITE COULD BRING  
ABOUT THE GODDAMN  
REVOLUTION

THAT'S WHAT FIFTH  
WORLD WAS ALL ABOUT—  
MAKING A NEW IDENTITY



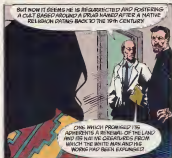
IS IT POSSIBLE THE RUMORS ARE TRUE—THAT  
HE IS STILL ALIVE?

IT'S POSSIBLE. THE BOOKS  
THEY BROUGHT OUT OF THAT BURN  
WERE TOO BURNED-UP TO TELL  
FOR CERTAIN



YES, THAT'S WHAT THE  
FILE REPORT SAYS

BUT IT DIDN'T MATTER  
TOO MUCH, JUST SO LONG  
AS EVERYONE THOUGHT  
HE WAS DEAD!



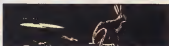
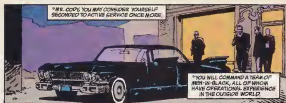
BUT NOW IT SEEMS HE IS REBORN, AND FOSTERING  
A CULT BASED AROUND A DEER NAMED AFTER A NATIVE  
RELIGION DATING BACK TO THE 19TH CENTURY

ONE WHICH PROMISED ITS  
ADHERENTS A REBIRTH OF THE LAND  
AND ITS NATIVE ORGANISMS FROM  
WHICH THE WHITE MAN AND HIS  
WORKS HAD BEEN EXPUNGED



WELL, INTELLIGENCE IS  
EVERYTHING. THE NARRATORS  
HAVE DEFEATED THE OBSTACLES  
IN ALL ITS PREVIOUS INCARNATIONS.  
CORRECT ACTION WILL ASSURE  
THAT WE DO SO AGAIN.





TO BE CONTINUED